

Outside again the white stone blocks glisten
So bright our eyes water red, try to bleed.
In panic, the Maestro and I run, stumble
Into the Planetarium, right on time for the
Matinee -- ceiling slides cut from Halliburton's
Book of Marvels. Later, I had a hard time
Convincing the Maestro that we had not yet
Reached Disneyland, simply the Air Force Academy.

Maestro Insana Goes West VIII

Past big Red Mountain, down in the green valley,
Silverton, where the snows have thawed, but
The residents have not, where the last major
Construction project was the indoor outhouse
Installed at the railroad stop. A bagful
Of sandwiches in his hand, the Maestro boards
The toy train to Durango. Kids screaming.
Some five hours and fifty miles later, waiting
For him on the tourist-trap Old Town street,
He arrives, sound asleep, his lunch untouched.

Maestro Insana Goes West IX

The ex-Nazi, Japanese cameras hanging on him
Like war ribbons, first appeared to haunt us
At Mesa Verde, home of the Pueblo Indians.
While climbing through the Cliff Palace ruin,
Peering into a kiva, and pausing in the museum
To admire the skull of a man who possessed
A particularly gruesome tooth disease, he was
Omnipresent, watching us watching him watch us.
Old habits, it seems, are hard to shake.

Maestro Insana Goes West X

A can of beer, a deck chair, and thou,
Grand Canyon yawning in the sunrise.
The mules descend leaving numerous
Territorial markings along the trail,
The better to find their way home.
The more civilized human animal simply
Follows the string of rusting beer cans.